

Vinnie Paz - Razor Gloves Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's not a possibility you could ever survive
That's just the logicity of the Devil inside
Any ounce of goodness in me was never revived
Disconnected or completely connected with God
The hell-hound spellbound where destiny lie
The bells sound, knelt down, the effigy cry
A couple rappers want a beef they respectfully die
They ended up losing they teeth, but I left them alive
I clash with skull in one hand, the other a spine
I snap a motherfucker head, he dead on the dime
I carve a muh'fucker up like Geppetto with knives
That's the magic of the Persian and Arab design
That's the marriage of exertion, inertia defined
That's the savage that was perfectly nurtured in time
I put pacifists in caskets, my version of crime
I'm an assassin and my passion is bursting your mind

[Verse 2: R.A. The Rugged Man]

Sirens and ambulances in the streets, there's race, riots and panthers
And cops hosing down innocent bystanders
Hand grenades and shanks, automatic bullets, pray to the banks
Government emergency military sending in tanks
How did I get in this position?
I'm sick of living, Kevorkian vision
And bridge jumpin', razor blade wrists slittin'
In the car garage carbon monoxide sniffin', wine glass full of cyanide sippin'
Russian roulette, the chamber's spinnin'
Death by my own manslaughter
I'm going out like Ernest Hemingway and his sister and his brother and his father and his granddaughter
Society losing religion, there's too much heat in Lucifer's kitchen
Never know if a politician's speaking truth or fiction
You spit with true conviction you'll be the victim of a crucifixion
The hangman will leave you from a noose swinging and ruin your mission
Not every punk on the street is recruitable
These snitches will start singing and turn the police precinct into a musical
Most these thugs is snitching ass cowards
You ain't nothing but somebody's bitch in prison getting dick in the showers
Too many sleeping on me like narcolepsy, my weapon arsenal is deadly
I'm definitely an artist, they ain't ever market it correctly
Piss on the pavement in the public, jerk my dick on the Fox News
Police piss me off, I'll pull it out and piss on they cop shoes, come on

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

You gonna turn this robbery to a homicide
The Desert Eagle is lethal, evil personified
Dominicans here take you for a dollar ride
You want beef you gonna lose god stop his vibe
I don't respect life, pussy if you die, you die
Most high, Rastafar-I, eye and eye
I'm always gonna keep it gutter like a five and dime
And when I die the prophecy gonna stay alive
Yeah, and y'all should study all the things that's written
About the Roman Empire and the Kings of Britain
Merlin exists and manuscripts have been forbidden
And understand that King James is a piece of fiction
My box game like Mantova
I'm no fool, I'm old school like my grandfather
Ain't nobody take my punch that can stand conscious
Psychologically imbalanced, I'm a man's conscience